
THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, MAY, 16 1918

this week Mr. L. M. McClintic, of

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The Coal & Iron. What a vision of wealth and prosperity that name once conjured. How the votes rolled out of Fur Fork and swept the county into the Republican column.

Towns sprang up and the drummer walked the railroad from one town to the other with his grip when the trains did not run to suit. Even as they do on Loup Creek where the coal miners congregate. The towns of Olive, Braucher, Burner, May, Gertrude, Wildell, and Oxley occupied the sixteen miles of river and railroad which lies between Durbin and the divide, where the Greenbrier river heads, and Randolph county begins. That is the part of the Cold & Barren which lies in Pocahontas county. That rich territory wrested

the divide, where the Greenbrier river heads, and Randolph county begins. That is the part of the Cold & Barren which lies in Pocahontas county. That rich territory wrested from Randolph county by arbitration in the eighties. We have a sovereignty over that neck of woods, but no treaty rights for the rich and arrogant county of Randolph enraged at the outcome of her contest with the pastoral people of Pocahontas, refused to record the findings of the court.

It is true that landed proprietors holding under the Crown had to recognize the Convention to have an act of the Legislature passed to insure quiet title and possession just like the Scottish chiefs used to have to do after a change in the government.

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It is true that landed proprietors holding under the Crown had to recognize the Convention to have an act of the Legislature passed to insure quiet title and possession just like the Scottish chiefs used to have to do after a change in the government.

This threw to Pocahontas a big boundary of spruce and hemlock forest country so rich in timber as to render it worthless for anything else.

It was into this country, the towns mentioned above sprang up and flourished between the years 1903 and 1915, but they are gone now like Ninevah and Tyre.

We knew that the change had taken place. That no less than seven postoffices had been allowed to lapse but we did not realize how great the

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We knew that the change had taken place. That no less than seven postoffices had been allowed to lapse, but we did not realize how great the change was until last week when we traveled through that desolate country over the well kept Western Maryland railroad.

There once was a forest here that was fairly black with rich colored evergreen. Now it is a waste land. It looks brown and a small tree known as round wood is springing up. It is all the difference between poverty and wealth, between the big woods and the brush.

The clear mountain streams flow

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The clear mountain streams flow between beautiful green banks and look like the sweet waters they are. To a stranger there would be nothing unusual in the country for barren hills are the rule and not the exception in most mountain regions, but

the old timer knits his brows at the purling brooks, and thinks of the big trees.

It probably took a hundred thousand years to build up those forests. The slow process of erosion and natural selection, decay, and enrichment went on. Then came a period of ten years in which men took off the luxuriant tree growth, and perhaps in another hundred thousand years another crop will be ready. An evergreen cutting does not repair itself like that of the deciduous hardwood forests. When a spruce country is cut over nothing but intensive tree planting will restore it.

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forests. When a spruce country is cut over nothing but intensive tree planting will restore it.

The wonder is that in all that great lapse of time, the present generation should have been the one to have lived just at the harvest time

Some aeons ago said about the year 99,999 B. C., the chances of any particular persons being on duty on earth between the years 1903-1915 A. D. would have looked like a chance so slim as not to be worth considering.

Just like the chance of any of the elect seeing Moses in the hereafter. The departed man, the story runs, upon his arrival in Heaven expressed a desire to see Moses. But Heaven was so big and so densely populated that the nearest he

Just like the chance of any of the elect seeing Moses in the hereafter. The departed man, the story runs, upon his arrival in Heaven expressed a desire to see Moses. But Heaven was so big and so densely populated that the nearest he ever came to seeing Moses was in the course of years to meet a man who had talked to a man who had heard a man [say that he saw the place where Moses once stood.

Has the experience of seeing the primeval forest destroyed been grievous or glad? We answer that the present generation is more to us than any that went before and more to us than any yet to come, so we are as much entitled to these cedars of Lebanon to build our temples as any other generation at any other time.

There was once a man by the name of Henry Phillips who was looking after this land in the seventeenth century. He found the surveyor of Bath county living at Marlins Bottom, and through his labors he surveyed out 11,000 acres at the head waters of Greenbrier River and this

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The surveyor of Bath county, one William Poage treated it as belonging to Bath county, but even in those days Randolph laid claim to it as it is shown that a Randolph surveyor made a survey of 31,000 acres for Richard Smyth about the same time, which interfered, interlocked and lapped on the 41,000 acres.

It was this abominable tangle of lines that caused Thomas Jefferson to see that the Northwest Territory was laid out like a checker board, and it was by reason of that lesson that you go to the west to find definite surveys and to Virginia for wonderful land lawyers.

Henry Phillips having acquired this land, paid little or no attention to it, not even paying the paltry taxes assessed against it. With other large surveys it lay idle and useless.

The legislature of Virginia finding that such large grants hindered the

lawyer and man has wondered found it might be good titles, and treated to the spectacle of titling amuck,

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The legislature of Virginia finding that such large grants hindered the development cast about for a remedy, and evolved the law of forfeiture, which was a pretty bright thought considering that on no other part of the world's surface was there such a total disregard for land once acquired.

So in the eighteen-thirties and eighteen-forties, they began to cut up these lands and sell them for the benefit of the school fund.

The Phillips 41,000 acres offered a fair subject for the new law, and it was cut up and sold to the highest bidders and when it was all tolled up the various parcels as bid in showed that the 41,000 acres brought \$212.00 which was about the cost of

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On the titles based on this sale the land rose in value until it was worth something like five million dollars in one day and this for the timber alone and is now that the timber has been cut held at something like five dollars an acre, as good strong land suitable for grazing.

The work of some surveyor on this Phillips tract in the old days developed an interest

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The work of some surveyor on this Phillips tract in the old days developed an interesting example of the didoes that the magnetic needle cuts in the course of time. This is called the variation of the needle. In the frozen north there is a shifting magnetic pole that moves east for a while and then moves back and crosses the true north line and wanders west, and every little palpitating magnetic needle hung on a pivot thousands of miles away, follows it and points to it in a truly idiotic way. What the pole is or why it travels, no man can say but woe to the surveyor who does not allow for the deflection of the needle by the course of time. The further he goes the wider the mark.

The western boundary of the old Henry Phillips 41,000 acres is about seven miles long. One surveyor, who sought to establish the corners, started at the beginning corner and ran by the same degree called for in the papers. He took no thought of time, and if he had ever been instructed in

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he had left a long triangle, what
might call a three cornered triang-

All these years the faithful com-
pass had been "where thou goest I
will go," and the result was that the
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the pole, the needle and the young
surveyor left out a strip of 960 acres
of land, known to this day among the
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The old Richard Smyth 31,000 acres fell into different hands and with all the vicissitudes of the old time [land grabbers, the taxes were not neglected enough to subject it to forfeiture. It would go through sheriff's sales and be bought in by syndicates and so, but to make it plain plain to you, there is a privy in such a sale with the delinquent ancestor that does not appear in a sale as forfeited land.

Thus in some faiths the hope of heaven is merely delinquent and not forfeited as other bodies hold.

This made the Smyth 31,000 the prize title of the hills. Every one of the big forfeited surveys had to give way to it. So it was treated with great respect.

But there was one weakness about the 31,000 acres that did something to keep the owner from

Spraying with which kill troubles, all kinds mix with to make catalogue

MARLIN MAR

THE KAIS

The Kaiser
On the tele
The girl at
All they ha
"Hello," sh
"Is old mar
Just tell hi
That wants
The Devil s
And Bill sa
I'm running
Now tell me
"What can
"My dear ob
If there is

This made the Smyth 31,000 the prize title of the hills. Every one of the big forfeited surveys had to give way to it. So it was treated with great respect.

But there was one weakness about the 31,000 acres that did something to keep the owners from being too proud, and that was the fact that the beginning corner called for a cypress. Now the cypress tree grows in the swamps along the coasts. It is an evergreen. It is never found in the mountains at an altitude of 3,000 feet. So a cypress has never been found, though many a learned lawyer and many a shrewd surveyor has wondered where it could be. If found it might upset some perfectly good titles, and the country would be treated to the sight of the most respectable title in the country running amuck,

We have got a farfetched theory that the word is not cypress at all, but cippus, a term used in some regions of the United States, and which means the same thing as a "set stone," a term often found in surveys here. Be that as it may, it has ever

"Hello," she heard t
"Is old man Satan h
Just tell him his Kai
That wants him on t
The Devil said "Hel
And Bill said, "Hoy
I'm running here o
Now tell me what t
"What can I do," t
"My dear old Kaise
If there is anything
To help you, I sure
The Kaiser said, "
And I will try to t
The way that I am
On earth a modern
I've saved for this
And I've started o
That it will be a m
You leave it to Ka
My army went thr
Shooting women a
We tore up all her
We tore down ever
My Zeps dropped b
Killing both old an
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And wouldn't let m
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Why you should se
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But we started to talk of the Cold
& Barren aspect of the Coal & Iron
country. Where those great lumber
operations were a few years ago there
is now the wornout look that may be
seen in the abandoned lumber lands
of Pennsylvania. We used to think
that the old tobacco lands of Tucka-
hoe were about the most desolate

the coasts.
On earth a man
I've saved for
And I've started
That it will be
You leave it to
My army went
Shooting women
We tore up all
We tore down
My Zeps drop
Killing both
And those the
Were taken
I started out
With the aid
The Belgians
And wouldn't
My submarine
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They go sne
And will sin
I was runni
Till about
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Told me to
He says to
I don't wan
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But we started to talk of the Cold & Barren aspect of the Coal & Iron country. Where those great lumber operations were a few years ago there is now the wornout look that may be seen in the abandoned lumber lands of Pennsylvania. We used to think that the old tobacco lands of Tuckahoe were about the most desolate, but the Fur Fork can now be compared to them. That country always looked stern and wild. It now looks stern and wild and naked.

It should be noted that Durbin has improved about a thousand percent, like a survivor prospering on the departure of competitors. Durbin is vastly civilized and Marlinton must wake up if she is to keep the first place in the county.

UNTIL THE NEXT HARVEST

Readers, let us have your ears and

The Belgians are poisonous
And wouldn't let me pass
My submarine are devils
Why you should see them
They go sneaking through
And will sink your ship on sight
I was running things to
Till about a year ago,
When a man named Wood
Told me to get out
He says to me, "Will
I don't want you
So be sure you U-b
To sink our more
We have the the
So, dear Bill, to
And if you don't stop
You'll have to let us
I did not listen to him
And he's coming after
With a million Yanks
From their home across
Now that's why I call
I want advice from you
I know that you will
Just what I ought to
"My dear old Kaiser
There isn't much to
For the Yanks will
Than I can for you
I've been a mean old
But not half as mean
And the minute that
I will give my job
I'll be ready for you
And I'll keep the
And I'll have you
When the Yanks
For the boys in blue
I have nothing more
Hang up your pants
And meet me down